RIP OFF PRESS PRESENTS:
SLUTBURGER
STORIES
#1
$2.50 USA
3.50 CANADA
ADULTS ONLY
FLESHY!
SLEAZE QUEENS
TRAUMA MAMAS
SHE-MALES
CHEAP SEX
PRIMITIVE
TOOL FOR EVIL
MADAME X FROM PLANET SEX
TAWDRY WARES
SUBSTANCE ABUSE
by MARY FLEENER

Introduction

By Aline Kominsky-Crumb

SLUTBURGER... The title gives you a hint of the irreverent, wisecracking, and totally twisted humor of Mary Fleener. There's a strong Southern California surfer vision here... but a self-deprecating beach bunny with brains and a scathing wit? Yes... With her fractured cubist style and just enough psychedelic brain damage, she tells her stories (mainly from her life) with a detached critical eye and a hilariously absurd sense of herself.

A fine "ahtist" in a previous incarnation, Fleener was attracted to the "Lowbrow" accessibility of comics. She has obviously flourished in this medium (well maybe she's not rich yet). She has produced such memorable publications as *Chicken Slacks* and *Hoo Doo*, and has appeared in numerous other books like *Weirdo, Wimmen's Comix, Prime Cuts, Rip Off Comix, Snarf* and *Oddballs*. *Slutburger* is an intense, thrill-packed collection of the best of Fleener!! As a woman "ahtist" I'm inspired by Mary's work... but does she show this stuff to her mother?!

5/1/90

Aline Kominsky-Crumb

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GAZONGAS · BAZOOMS · CANTALOPES · TITS · HOOTERS · MILK DUDS

BOOBS · CHARMS · MELONS

THE "JELLY"

FRIED EGGS · KNOCKERS

PARTS 1+2

by MARY "36B" FLEENER ©1990

HEADLIGHTS · CHI-CHIS · GLOBES · NAY-NAYS · JUGS · KNOBS · BOOZUMS

THIS IS A **REAL** STORY ABOUT A GIRLFRIEND OF MINE WHO HAD HUGE BREASTS. WE BECAME PALS IN COLLEGE...

PART 1 "GETTING TO KNOW YOU"...

LEGALIZE IT!!
giggle
BLACK POWER
STOP THE WAR
ERA
Fleetwood Mac
STEAL THIS BOOK
MY MAJOR MY JOB MY LIFE MY LIKES MY DISLIKES MY DEGREE MY SAT SCORES MY BIG PLANS.....
SHE'S FALLING IN LOVE, AND ALL HE CAN DO IS STARE AT HER CHEST!

SOMEONE THOUGHT OF A NICKNAME THAT WAS **LOW CONSCIOUS, RUDE** AND **KINDA GROSS. NATURALLY,** IT CAUGHT ON!

I HEARD YOU GUYS WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR PARTY TONIGHT.
YEAH! BRING YER GIRLFRIEND
Y'KNOW! TORPEDO TITS!!
WELL, UH... SHE'S A... ...UH...UH...
YEAH!
SHE'S A VERY INTELLIGENT PERSON!!

WE BECAME ROOMMATES AND **ONCE** I SAW HER NAKED FROM THE WAIST UP. IT **WASN'T** A PRETTY SIGHT.

MARY! DO YOU (brush, brush, brush) HAVE ANY SHAMPOO I (brush) CAN (brush, brush) BORROW?
YEAH, SURE...
STOOP SHOULDERS FROM ALL THAT WEIGHT
STRETCH MARKS
SCRATCH SCRATCH

I **THINK** SHE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE BECAUSE, FOR "THE TIMES", HER DRESS WAS SUBDUED, EVEN A BIT CONSERVATIVE ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'D GO OUT IN PUBLIC

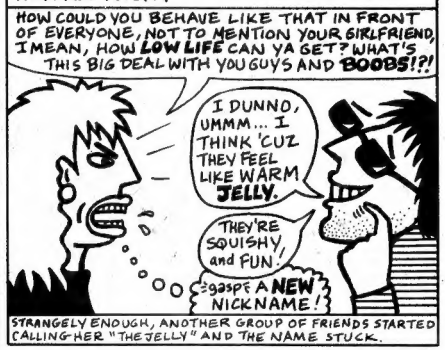
BUT SOMETIMES THEY **DID** LOOK, LIKE THIS ONE **NIGHT** WE WENT TO SEE **"FELLINI'S SATYRICON"** FOR THE 5th OR 6th TIME...

WE WEREN'T EVEN IN THE THEATRE WHEN TWO GUYS WE VAGUELY KNEW FROM SCHOOL CAME OVER AND STARTED TALKIN' TRASH.
WANNA TAKE 'LUDES AFTER TH' FILM?
SOUNDS LIKE FUN, DOESN'T IT, MARY...
(OUCH!) SURE...
NUDGE NUDGE
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HAVING OVER NIGHT GUESTS. AGAIN.
AFTER THE FILM, THEY CAME OVER TO OUR APARTMENT. MY PRESENCE WAS CERTAINLY NOT REQUIRED
♪OH ♫♪♫ GOODNIGHT!♪
NICE ♪ SEEIN' YA...
AND, AS ALWAYS, SHE'D HAVE A BRIEF FLING AND GET DUMPED AFTER A WEEK OR SO. SHE NEVER REFUSED A "SUITOR".
REMEMBER THOSE GUYS WE MET AT THE FILM?
I DON'T SEE THEM ANYMORE! SHOULD I CALL ONE OF THEM?
"WE"?
YEAH! TELL 'EM TO GET FUCKED.
YOU'RE SO CYNICAL! I KNOW, I'LL BAKE THEM SOME BREAD...
I REMEMBER ONE DAY I MET THIS CUTIE WHILE BICYCLING. HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH A NICE BOY...
NEED SOME HELP? SAY, THAT'S A NICE BICYCLE... I'VE SEEN YOU AROUND... blah... blah
SURE COULD USE A HANDYMAN LIKE YOU!
WELL, ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE LOOK WHEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO Y ROOMMATE. SUDDENLY, HE DIDN'T LOO SO GOOD ANYMORE.
TOO YOUNG, BAD SKIN, AC TOO POLITE, DUMB T-SHIR PROBABLY SHOOTS IT TOO FAST...
I DUNNO WHY I SLEPT WITH HIM. I FEEL SO CHEAP. WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP ME?
DO YOU HATE ME?
I CAN'T HELP THE WAY I WAS BORN
AND I HATE THAT STUPID NAME, "TORPEDO TITS"!!!
STOP YOU! STOP YOU?!
YA JUST HAFTA SCREW EVERY MAN YOU MEET FER CRYIN OUT LOUD!

JUST TO CONVINCE YOU READERS HOW BAD IT WAS... WE DECIDED TO GO TO A Renaissance Faire AND MADE DRESSES JUST FOR THEE OCCASION.
THIS PATTERN IS PERFECT! I'LL BE A WENCH AND MAKE IT... IN.. *PURPLE!
ISN'T THE NECKLINE A LITTLE LOW?
Butterfat
Scientific Pattern
Lace
Vauge
OH, IT WAS OK TO SHOW YOUR BOOBS IN TH' 1500's!
* HER FAVORITE COLOR
I HAD TO USE MY MOTHER'S SEWING MACHINE AND SINCE SHE LIVED ACROSS TOWN, WE MADE PLANS TO MEET AND LEAVE FROM MY PARENTS' HOUSE.
HI MR. FLEENER! IS MARY DONE WITH HER DRESS?
LEMME GET MY CAMERA!!
IT WAS WEIRD SEEING YOUR DAD ACT LIKE A SLOBBERING SEX FIEND!
JUST ONE MORE SHOT...
EEEE-NUFF! WE'RE LEAVING!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
YOU'RE MAKING AN ASS OUT OF YOURSELF DEAR.
YOU TELL 'IM, MOM...
AT Thee Faire, IT WAS HIDEOUSLY HOT, EVERYTHING WAS OVERPRICED AND I HATED EVERY MINUTE OF IT. THE PURPLE DRESS, HOWEVER, WAS A BIG HIT.
Oh, m'Lady hello!
Ah! Yon fair maid!
HARK!
Ahoy!
OUT-OF WORK ACTORS
YE OLD "GROG" CHEAP OL' BEER AT 4¢¢ A CUP!
A WEEK LATER I SAW THE PHOTOS. THEY WERE AMAZINGLY... CONSISTENT.
THINK OF ALL THE MONEY DAD COULD'VE SAVED IF HE'D HAD PRINTS MADE FROM ONE NEGATIVE, MOM.!
=Sigh=... I KNOW, DEAR.
THERE WAS LOTS OF GOOD LSD GOING AROUND THAT YEAR, SO OUR LI'L GANG GOT TOGETHER MANY WEEKENDS FOR ALL-NITE PARTYING AND ONE NIGHT THE VIBES GOT HEAVY...
I HATE YOU GUYS CALLING ME TORPEDO TITS! YA WANNA LOOK? THEN LOOK!
SHE'S WIGGIN'!!
SHE'S FLIPPIN'!!
BE COOL, BE COOOOL!

WHEN WE ALL BEDDED DOWN, STILL BUZZED BUT DETERMINED TO GET SOME REST, ONE OF THE GUYS GOT **FRISKY**...

IN THE MORNING (ABOUT **NOON**, ACTUALLY) I TALKED TO THE GUY WHO WAS GRABBING HER ALL NIGHT


HOW COULD YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF EVERYONE, NOT TO MENTION YOUR GIRLFRIEND, I MEAN, HOW **LOW LIFE** CAN YA GET? WHAT'S THIS BIG DEAL WITH YOU GUYS AND **BOOBS!?!**
I DUNNO, UMMM... I THINK 'CUZ THEY FEEL LIKE WARM **JELLY**.
THEY'RE SQUISHY, and FUN.
gasp! A **NEW** NICKNAME!

STRANGELY ENOUGH, ANOTHER GROUP OF FRIENDS STARTED CALLING HER "THE JELLY" AND THE NAME STUCK.

AS A ROOMMATE "**THE JELLY**" WAS OFTEN BURDENSOME. **ALL** THE GUYS **SHE** LIKED WEREN'T INTERESTED (AS I OFTEN FOUND OUT)... LIKE THIS ONE WINNER FROM BERKELEY.

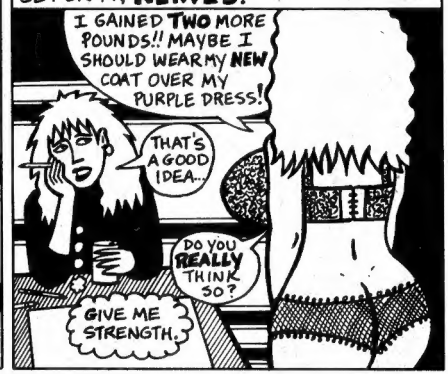
JASON WROTE ME AGAIN! LISSEN TO THIS POEM:
:sigh: "I am the child of man.
my love is a man, yet you are me.
Why can't we all love?
Maybe you are the man.
I need his love tonight."
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS? DOES HE REALLY LIKE ME?
I **THINK**, UH, **HE'S** TRYING TO **TELL** YOU SOMETHING...

BOY! DID SHE HAVE PROBLEMS. I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL LUCKY TO HAVE **NOT** INHERITED MY MOTHER'S **D-CUPS.**

...AND THEN HE **PUSHED** ME DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND **ATTACKED!** **HE RAPED ME!!!** SO THIS IS THE TYPICAL ROCK-STAR-SINGER BEHAVIOR? **ALL** I DID WAS DRINK A BEER WITH HIM! I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS...
WHAT AN ASSHOLE...
I'M HAPPY TO SAY THIS **SCUM** NEVER MADE IT IN SHOWBIZ. HIS ONE ALBUM WAS A FLOP. NEVER UNDERESTIMATE KARMA, FOLKS

JUST ABOUT A MONTH BEFORE WE GOT SEPARATE PLACES, MY ROOMMATE AND I WENT OUT FOR THE VERY LAST TIME.

"**THE JELLY**" WAS **REALLY** STARTING TO GET ON MY **NERVES!**

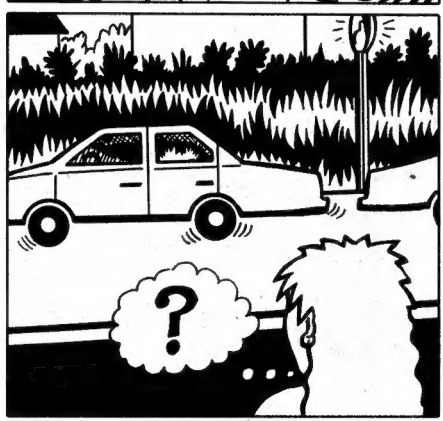

I GAINED **TWO** MORE POUNDS!! MAYBE I SHOULD WEAR MY **NEW** COAT OVER MY PURPLE DRESS!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...
DO YOU **REALLY** THINK SO?
GIVE ME STRENGTH.

HER NEW COAT WAS ONE OF THOSE STINKY-AFGHANI-INSIDE-OUT-SHEEP-SKIN THINGS. REMEMBER THOSE?
DEFINITELY A CANDIDATE FOR THE FASHION HALL of SHAME
FUR YELLOWED WITH AGE
STIFF
CRUDE EMBROIDERY
SUSPICIOUS BROWN SPOTS ON FUR (BLOOD?)
WAY OVERPRICED
AND TO THINK SOME POOR MOUNTAIN SHEEP DIED... FOR THIS?
I WANT SOME JACK DANIELS N' APRICOT BRANDY!
NO! YOU GET DRUNK TOO FAST... AND IN THAT DRESS...
I WANT JACK DANIEL'S, I WANT BRANDY!
FINE, BUT, YOU'RE NOT DRIVING! WE'LL TAKE MY CAR!
WE GET TO THE PARTY, LUCK OUT AND FIND A PARKING PLACE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET
I HOPE THESE PEOPLE HAVE GOOD HOMEOWNER'S INSURANCE!
IT WAS FESTIVE! PEOPLE WERE PASSING OUT HANDFULS OF PILLS, DRINKING, SMOKIN' N' SNORTIN' and PROPOSING MARRIAGE!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
I'M BORED ALREADY
HEY, I LOVE YEW...
GO DIE.
I DECIDED TO CHECK OUT ANOTHER PARTY AND LEFT "THE JELLY". SHE'D ALREADY MADE SOME "FRIENDS"!
WANNA SNORT SOME?
WANNA DANCE?
NEED A LIGHT?
LISSEN, I'M GOING DOWN THE STREET, OK? YOU WANT TO COME?
WANNA BEER?
HARDLY. I'M HAVING FUN...
BITCH!

THE OTHER PARTY WAS WORSE AND EVEN MORE PATHETIC... WHEN I RETURNED THERE WAS NO "JELLY" AND NO BOOZE!
SHE DRANK ALL THIS!? I HOPE SHE ENJOYS HER HANGOVER TOMORROW...
yew dance so good
how cum
HEY MAR-EE!
C'MERE!
APRICOT BRAND IMPORTED ROTGUTTEN

WELL, WELL, WELL... I WONDERED IF YOU MANIACS WOULD BE HERE! WHAT'S UP?
WE SAW VER DOG IN VER CAR!
A PINK ONE, eh? hahaha...
A DOG?
YEAH! YOUR POODLE! AWW... SHE'S LONLEY IN THERE! LET HER OUT!!!
AWWW...

My PARENTS HAVE A POODLE, NOT ME! PLUS, SHE'S A TINY LI'L THING! BOY, ARE YOU GUYS WASTED!
SHE FOLLOWED YOU, THEN! HA! HA! HA!
HA!
FREE TH' (hic) POODLES!
FTW
GO CHECK IT OUT!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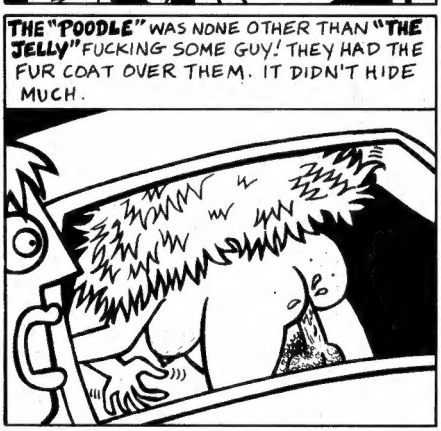
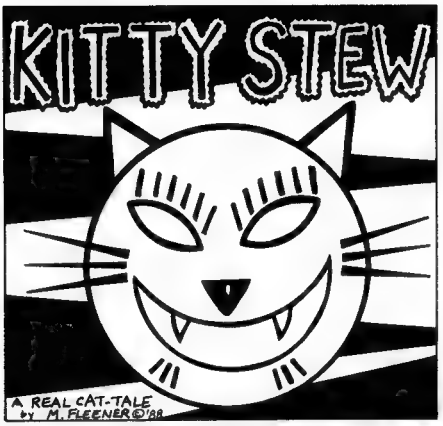

THE "POODLE" WAS NONE OTHER THAN "THE JELLY" FUCKING SOME GUY! THEY HAD THE FUR COAT OVER THEM. IT DIDN'T HIDE MUCH.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?!
UH! UH! UH! OH! OH! OH! OH!
I DUNNO..!
I HOPE SHE'S ON TH' PILL!
YES, FORTUNATELY. I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN IF SHE WORE THAT STOOPID PURPLE DRESS...

ONE-HALF HOUR LATER "THE JELLY" CAME STAGGERING IN
"MMMAAAARR-RRRREEE!♫
NEED A (hic) TAMPAX...
HOW COULD YOU?
AND IN MY CAR!
HUH?
WE'RE LEAVING!!
OH GREAT! JUST WHAT I WANTED! A BIG BLOODY-SEMEN SPOT ON MY BACK SEAT!
GIGGLE!
NOTHING COULD REMOVE THE SPOT AND IT STAYED THERE FOR THE LIFE OF THE CAR
SEE THAT SPOT YOU'RE SITTING ON? IT'S A MIXTURE OF SPERM AND MENSTRUAL BLOOD. TWO PEOPLE DID NASTIES THERE. GROSS, huh?
EEWWW! ...THEY... DID.....? REALLY?
DON'T WORRY! IT'S REAL DRY!!
WE PARTED ON BITTER TERMS. I GOT A BOYFRIEND AND SINCE I WAS HAPPY and SHE WASN'T, ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M THE Whore of Babylon!
EVER SINCE YOU LEFT HOME YOU'VE GONE HOG WILD!
YOU'RE JUST PISSED 'CUZ MY BOYFRIEND ISN'T AFTER YER ASS!!!
YEARS LATER, WHEN I MOVED TO A SMALL BEACH TOWN, FAR AWAY FROM THE LOS ANGELES MADNESS I WAS REMINDED ONE DAY THAT THE PAST HAS A WAY OF KICKING YOU IN THE BUTT (WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT)
IT'S YOU!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE HARBOR COLLEGE!
FAA @ FOODS CO.
VILLAGE VIDEO
GUESS WHO ELSE MOVED DOWN HERE LAST WEEK?
WHO?!
COCAINE DEALER TURNED REAL ESTATE AGENT
YOUR OLD ROOMMATE! ISN'T THAT NEAT?
IT'S BEEN 4 YEARS AND WE STILL HAVEN'T RUN INTO EACH OTHER..... YET.....
THE END?

ALL THE MEN I'D BEEN INVOLVED WITH WERE JERKS! I SURE KNEW HOW TO PICK 'EM AND THOUGHT I'D PAID MY DUES...
LOSER #1
SO I'M AN ASSHOLE. SO WHAT.
IDIOT #2
GIVE THE CLUB OWNER A BLOW JOB SO MY BAND CAN PLAY, PLeeeese?
CREEP #3
YOU'RE NOT A REAL ARTIST... JUST A "DOODLE ARTIST"!
THAT IS, UNTIL I BECAME "BEST FRIENDS" WITH A:
A TRUE CHARACTER ASSASSINATION
TRAUMA MAMA!
by MARY "LIVE N' LEARN" FLEENER ©1988
I WAS DRIVING HOME WHEN I NOTICED HER WALKING ALONE SO I PULLED OVER
HEY PATTY!! NEED A RIDE?
DAVEY N' I HAD A FIGHT!...sob... IN A...sob... MEXICAN RESTAURANT! HE THREW BEANS IN MY FACE! HE CALLED ME A WHORE!! WAAAAAA!
SHE JUST LIVED DOWN THE STREET AND I WAS INVITED IN ~ WE "VISITED"...
LET'S GET HIGH! THIS IS DAVEY'S COKE BUT SO WHAT! HE OWES ME 3GRAND. HE CRASHED MY CAR LAST WEEK, TOO!
CHOP CHOP CHOP
LIKE MOST DRUG DEALERS, SHE LIKED SPENDING MONEY & TOOK AN INTEREST IN MY ART.
I WANT SOMETHING FOR MY SISTER AND A ROLLING STONES LOGO WITH THE HARLEY WINGS BEHIND IT BATIKED ON MY SILK CAMISOLE...
THAT BIKER STUFF? C'MON.
HERE'S $300.00
WEELLLL... OK!
BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY AN EXCUSE FOR "YOU LISTEN, ME LAY OUT LINES".
YOU'RE SO LUCKY TO HAVE SOMEONE...sob... I HAVE NO ONE!! AT LEAST I CAN TRUST YOU - WE ARE BEST FRIENDS, AREN'T WE? I'LL NEVER FIND MY MATE! boohoohoo....
OH, THAT'S NOT TRUE! (SSSSNORT!)
THEN SHE DISAPPEARED FOR MONTHS. I GOT MY HEALTH BACK AND FIGURED SHE WAS HISTORY. WRONG.
HI YOU GUYS. I HAVE CANCER.
OH MAN
WOW
OF COURSE, WHY LET A LITTLE THING LIKE CANCER STOP YOUR "PARTYING"?!!
WERE YOU JUST ABOUT TO EAT DINNER? LET ME RUIN YOUR APPETITE! I CAN'T GO HOME YET BECAUSE I FLOODED THE PLACE. CAN I SPEND THE NIGHT?
WEELLLL ...OK...
SURE!
SEVERAL CAR PAYMENTS

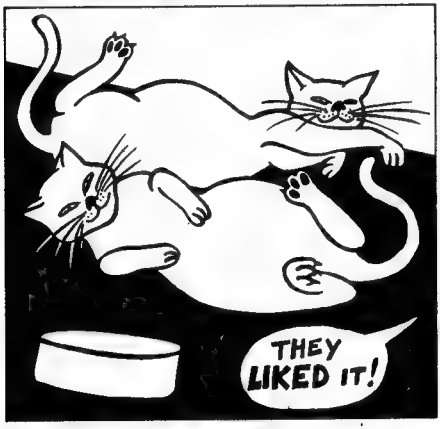
TALK ABOUT CURIOUS SYMPTOMS; THROWING UP AFTER MEALS, FALLING ASLEEP SUDDENLY, OVER-CONSUMPTION OF CHOCOLATE.
WAKE UP!! YOU PASSED OUT FOR TWO MINUTES!!
AAAAAAAH... WAS I ASLEEP? MY MEDICINE DOES THIS... AAAHHH...
SHE ALSO DEVELOPED A "BAD BACK" AND REQUIRED MY HUSBAND'S SERVICES EVERY TIME SHE CAME OVER (PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY)
COULD YOU PLEEEESE CRACK MY BACK? DAVEY KNOCKED ME DOWN AND MY RIB IS OUT AND I'M IN PAIN! (sob)
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE HIM?
I LOVE HIM!
I FOUND MYSELF DOING VERY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITIES
QUICK! HELP ME COUNT THIS MONEY! THE PERUVIANS JUST CALLED AND THEY WANT IT NOW! (sob.)
#20,000 IN TENS AND TWENTIES
THEY'LL KILL DAVEY, TOO, IF HE DOESN'T PAY UP! (sob)
...AND LISTENING TO THE MOST AMAZING THINGS ON THE PHONE (THESE BEING DAILY TOO)
WHAT!
I'M BLEEDING... (sob) I DON'T HAVE A CAR... OH MIGOD I'M ABORTING! (pant pant)
YOU SHOULD BE IN A HOSPITAL!
I JUST PASSED A CLOT!
LOTSA TIMES SHE'D TALK ONLY TO MY HUSBAND AND I NEVER VOICED MY SUSPICIONS UNTIL ONE NIGHT
WHO THE HELL WAS THAT? IT'S 1AM!
OH... heh... heh... THAT WAS PATTY. READING ME HER SUICIDE POETRY.
I SMELL A RAT AND IT'S GOT TWO LEGS!
WE'RE GOING TO BE AS NUTS AS HER IF THIS BULLSHIT DOESN'T STOP.
WE HAD OUR LITTLE TALK.
ENOUGH! I'M SICK OF YOUR PROBLEMS! I'M SICK OF DOING DRUGS!! I'M SICK OF YOU!!! OUR FRIENDSHIP IS SICK! SICK! SICK!
I KNEW IT.
IT WAS THE COKE. YOU USED ME. SO! A YEAR ANNA HALF AND THAT'S IT, HUH? I'M OUTTA HERE, THEN. (sob!)
DON'T LET TH' DOOR HIT YER ASS ON TH' WAY OUT!
WE FOUND OUT LATER SHE'D LIED ABOUT THE CANCER AND PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING ELSE PLUS SHE WAS A JUNKIE! (THOSE CURIOUS "CANCER" SYMPTOMS)
SO I IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN ONE FINE DAY SHE PULLS UP IN THE DRIVEWAY
HI!! HAS A YEAR BEEN LONG ENOUGH?
END


KITTY STEW
A REAL CAT-TALE
by M. FLEENER ©'88

FANCY FISH
SALMON SUPREME
HORSE FETLOCKS
TURKEY 'N GRAVY
GOURMET GRANDMA
OCEAN FEAST
BEEF 'N' LIVER
LIVER 'N' CHEESE
CHEESE CRACKERS
GIBLETS 'N' GRAVY
GRRRR... I'M SICK OF PAYING THIS MUCH FOR CAT FOOD! WHAT'S IN THIS STUFF ANYWAY? "GRAIN... PEAS... PEAS?! CARROTS..." HELL! I CAN MAKE THIS!

THAT NIGHT
I'LL MAKE IT WITH LOTSA VEGETABLES AND CHICKEN AND LIGHT ON THE HERBS AND SPICES...

WHAT'S THIS? DINNER? IT SURE SMELLS GOOD!
GET AWAY!! THAT'S MY "KITTY STEW"! I'M MAKIN' IT FOR TH' CATS! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LIKE IT?
AW, SCREW TH' CATS.
NO WAY! WE'RE GOING OUT FOR DINNER!


THEY LIKED IT!

TWO WEEKS LATER
I NEED TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR OUR CAT, HARVEY. YES, HE'S THE ONE THAT'S, WELL...UH... HE'S A LITTLE NERVOUS... AND HE NEEDS HIS SHOTS AND A CHECK-UP. OK, BE RIGHT THERE.
MWARR?
HE KNOWS

WORAWWOOOOOO
I'LL BET THAT GUY'S THINKING " THAT POOR CAT... "
THAT POOR CAT..
A TOWEL WRAPPED AROUND YOUR CAT KEEPS THE CLAWS AT BAY AND ACTS AS A DIAPER FOR THOSE "LITTLE ACCIDENTS ",
SO HOW IS OUR LITTLE TROUBLE MAKER DOIN' TODAY? THERE, THERE-
A LITTLE SKITTISH AS USUAL; AT LEAST HE'S NOT POOPING ALL OVER THE PLACE!
HA-HA...HA...
RRRRRRRR
SCCRRRAATCH!
OH, INDEED! I KNOW HARVEY... LET'S TAKE HIS TEMPRETURE.
RORROW!
OPPS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S UPSET... UH... THAT'S STRANGE... WHAT IS THIS THING? IT'S STUCK!
OH, HAR-VEY!
OH... I THINK I KNOW..
IT'S GETTING LONGER!
IT'S AN ONION.
WHAT'S AN ONION DOING IN A CAT?! SHEESH!
I MADE MY OWN CAT FOOD... A CHICKEN STEW, REALLY, AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR 'EM. THEY LIKED IT...
SQUISH!
WOW! LOOK HOW LONG IT IS! HA! HA! OH...! UH... AHEM!
AAARRGHH!
YOU CERTAINLY SHOULD'VE CHOPPED THE VEGETABLES A LOT FINER. A CAT CAN'T DIGEST A 6" ONION PIECE! JUST GIVE YOUR CATS CHICKEN AND RICE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO USE COMMERCIAL FOOD AND blah... blah... blah...!
OK! OK!!
THAT NIGHT
WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
I'M THAWING OUT THAT STEW...
WE'RE EATING THAT CAT FOOD?!! YECCHHH!!! WE'RE GOIN' OUT!
I'M GONNA GET A LOT OF USE OUT OF THIS STEW!
THE END

ROUST
OR YOU PLAY, YOU PAY
REMEMBER WHEN I CALLED IN SICK LAST SUNDAY? WELL, THIS IS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!
M. FLEENER ©1987
"WE WERE SAILING WITH 4 GUYS MY BOYFRIEND WORKED WITH AND AS USUAL, IT WAS PARTY TIME ON THE OPEN SEA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. WE NOTICED ALL THIS EQUIPMENT WE'D NEVER SEEN AND THIS ONE GUY, JOHN WAS ACTING WEIRD AND EVASIVE. HE'D OBVIOUSLY BEEN IN SOMEONE'S MEDICINE CABINET
EARTH TO JOHN! HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD... YOU OK?
I... UH... AH, UP ALL A NIGHT... S'OK... AH... UM...
THE SKIPPER HAD HASH, SO JOHN PULLED A FOG HORN OUT OF HIS POCKET AND WE MADE A HASH PIPE OUT OF IT. IT WORKED GREAT.
GET A GOOD HIT?
COUGH! COUGH!
SO, THEN I, UH, LOOKED FOR TH' BOAT AN' IT WUZ MOVED!... UH, SHIT MAN, I THINK I'M IN A LITTLE TROUBLE, AN' SHIT, WHA' 'TH' FAK!
WE ALL LAUGHED AT JOHN'S PITIFUL STATE & ATTEMPTS TO TELL US JUST WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE. FINALLY WE TOLD HIM TO SHUT UP AND GET SOME SLEEP!
AFTER WE'D SAILED THE DAY AWAY, WE GOT A SURPRISE WELCOME AS THE BOAT PULLED INTO THE HARBOR
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
UH, MARY? PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND WALK UP TO THE DECK REAL SLOW
OMIGOD...
I HAD A BOTTLE FULL OF "CHRISTMAS TREES" AMPHETAMINE PILLS. I KNEW A LAWYER OWNED THE BOAT AND FIGURED HE'D BEAT THE RAP EASIER THAN I COULD, SO I TOSSED 'EM IN THE GALLEY ICE BOX BECAUSE THE BOTTLE WAS LABELLED ®'S "RUTIN"
THESE EVEN LOOK ILLEGAL!!
®A VITAMIN
WE WERE SURROUNDED BY: EIGHT LONG BEACH POLICE WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN, A CIRCLING HELICOPTER WITH LOUD SPEAKERS AND THREE SQUAD CARS BLOCKING THE MARINA ENTRANCE
STOP YOUR VESSEL!
JOHN WAS ARRESTED. WE KNEW HE'D GONE CRAZY THE NIGHT BEFORE ON SECONAL, CRANK & CHAMPALE. WE DIDN'T KNOW HE'D RIPPED OFF AND BUSTED UP A DOZEN OR SO BOATS, AND THROWN THE LOOT IN HIS CAR.
IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE COULDN'T FIND OUR BOAT.' IT HAD BEEN MOVED TO A NEW SLIP THE DAY BEFORE AND JOHN WANDERED AROUND ALL NIGHT
IN THE MORNING, A GUY WALKING DOWN TO HIS BOAT SAW HIS WALLET OPENED WITH HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE ON THE DASHBOARD OF JOHN'S CAR. HE WAS CALLING THE POLICE WHILE WE WERE MERRILY SAILING AWAY
LOOKIT ALL TH' CRAP IN THAT CAR.' WHY, SOME PEOPLE... HEY!

AFTER THEY TOOK JOHN AWAY, THE COPS TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO US
WE'RE SEARCHING THIS VESSEL! GET OFF!!!
LIKE HELL YOU ARE! THIS BOAT IS INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED SO YOU CANNOT AND WILL NOT STEP ABOARD.
FINE. WE'LL LET THE FEDERAL AGENTS TAKE CARE OF YOU JERKS.
FINE! YOU DO THAT!
WE WERE "ESCORTED" TO THE CLOSEST CUSTOMS BUILDING AN HOUR AWAY. THIS GAVE THE COPS PLENTY OF TIME TO BE REAL ASSHOLES.
THIS IS FUCKED.
TELL YA WHAT- WHEN WE DOCK I'LL TAKE YA ON, FAGGOT. NO WEAPON! WOULD YA LIKE THAT?
I'VE GOT TO USE THE HEAD.
NOPE
YOU JUST STAY PUT.
THEY LINED US UP ON THE DOCK
NOW WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT ALL ABOUT YOU PEOPLE - YOUR RECORD, BLOOD TYPE, TH' WHOLE BIT... HEH... HEH... HEH...
WE WERE IN BAD COMPANY AND MY BOYFRIEND & I THE ONLY ONES WITHOUT AN ARREST RECORD BUT I HAD A LOT OF UNPAID PARKING WARRENTS AND WAS EXPECTING THE WORST.
EVER BEEN ARRESTED?
BANK ROBBERY IN DENVER, '72. FELONY ASSAULT.
STATUTORY RAPE. ILLEGAL TRANSPORTATION OF FIREARMS AND HEROIN.
I'VE GOT ALL THESE TICKETS!! CALL MY GRANDMA AND GET $500.00! IT COULD BE MORE, I'M NOT SURE!
NOW YOU TELL ME!
TWO CUSTOMS AGENTS ARRIVED, TOTALLY PISSED. THEY'D BEEN CALLED OUT OF BED SO THEY REALLY TRASHED THE BOAT AND AN HOUR LATER AFTER NOT FINDING THE POUNDS OF COKE THEY WANTED, THEY CLIMBED UP AND TOLD THE COPS TO FORGET IT.
FUCK THIS! TELL 'EM TO GET TH' HELL OUTTA HERE!
CRASH!
RIP!
OF COURSE, ON THE GALLEY TABLE WAS "THE EVIDENCE" ~ SOME ROACHES, THE PILLS, A BEER CAN AND THE HASH PIPE.
...AND I SUGGEST YOU FOLKS GET RID OF THIS SHIT
NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT SEEMED LIKE IT TOOK FOREVER TO MOTOR BACK TO THE SLIP. MY HEAD WAS A CARNIVAL OF PAIN. GOOD THING THE NEXT DAY WAS MY REAL DAY OFF!
NEVER AGAIN!
THREE OF US WENT BACK TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE MESS AND EVERYBODY GOT THEIR STUFF BACK IN FAIRLY GOOD SHAPE. THE GUY WHOSE WALLET WAS STOLEN LIVED IN THE NEXT BOAT!
YEP, HERE'S MY WATCH... MY WIFES FOUL WEATHER GEAR... HEY! MY FOG HORN! WHAT HAPPEN TO IT? S'GOT ALL THIS STUFF ON IT!?!
WHAT STUFF?
EX-UCLA LINEBACKER
SO AM I GONNA CALL IN SICK ANYMORE? HELL YES! TOMORROW, I'M GOIN' SURFIN'! I TOLD 'EM MY CAR COULD ONLY RUN BACKWARDS. I KNOW, AREN'T I A BRAT? I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
♪ WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN? ♪
END

THE LONG WAY HOME
A TRUE STORY by MARY FLEENER©1989
WE AIN'T GOIN' THAT WAY
HEY! CAN YOU GUYS GIVE ME A RIDE?!?
Dancing Waters
ROCK
ND ROLL
TICKETS
IMPERIAL DOGS
WE GOIN' TO A PARTY
MIDNIGHT AND STUCK IN SAN PEDRO! YECCH!
KILL CITY
I NEVER SHOULD'VE COME TO THIS SLEAZY ROCK CLUB WITH THAT SLUT GIRLFRIEND OF MINE! NO DOUBT SHE MET SOME CREEP AND LEFT ME STRANDED. AGAIN.
POLICE
"The Dancing Waters" THE ONLY CLUB IN THE L.A. AREA TO FEATURE GIGANTIC FOUNTAINS THAT SWAY and "DANCE" TO COLORED LIGHTS AND PRE-RECORDED SALSA MUSIC BETWEEN BAND SETS. WAS A HEAVY Vato HANG OUT IN THE '60's.
IS THAT ALL TH' STUFF?
LOADING ZONE
NO PARKIN
JUST THE MIKE STANDS
THERE'S THE BAND... OH NO! MY EX-BOYFRIEND! LAST TIME WE SPOKE WAS WHEN I CAUGHT HIM AND MY ROOMMATE IN MY BED! GUESS I CAN BURY THE HATCHET LONG ENOUGH TO ASK HIM FOR A RIDE...
HE DYED HIS HAIR BLONDE!
LOOK WHO'S HERE! HEY! HOW'D WE SOUND? DIDJA LIKE IT?
COULD YA HEAR TH' VOCALS OK?
AMP BLAST
NERE HE LOUD ENOUGH?
YOU NEED A RIDE?
HEY! ONE O' YOU GUYS HELP THIS POOR LI'L GIRL!
WHERE'S YOUR CAR?
THAT SO-CALLED FRIEND OF MINE LEFT ME AND...
OH BAY-BEEE!
OOH LA LA!
OH, BAY-BEE, I'LL RIDE WITH THE GUYS. YOU TAKE HER HOME, OKAY?
NOO! NOO!
OK, YOU GUYS CAN SHARE HER! HA! HA! HA!
JUMP ON IT!
THEN COME RIGHT OVER!... OH...! GOODNIGHT
BRING THAT "G.R." TOO!
SHE SEEMS LIKE A NIIIICE GURL...

EXIT
DON'T LIKE MY NEW SQUEEZE, EH? WHATSA MATTER? YA JEALOUS 'CUZ YOU AIN'T GOT ONE?
HARBOR FWY
SAN PEDRO
LOS ANGELES
NEXT 32MI
OH. I FORGOT, A WOMAN NEEDS A MAN TO BE HAPPY. I'M BUSY WITH ART, Y'KNOW
YEAH. ART WHO? GET IT? HA! HA! HA!
HEY! LET'S GIVE THIS GUY A RIDE!
GASP!
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! IT'S 12:30 AND NO ONE PICKS UP HITCH-HIKERS ON FREEWAYS, ESPECIALLY BLACK GUYS!
IT'S LATE! NO ONE'S GONNA STOP FOR HIM.
YES! THOSE ARE INTELLIGENT PEOPLE UNLIKE YOU! DON'T PULL OVER!!
SCREEEECH!!
WHERE TO, BRO?
MMMMM...
CAN'T TALK, HUH? THAS' COOL, HOP ON IN, DUDE.
HE'S MUTE? WOW!
JUST SLIDE THAT DOOR OPEN. IT AIN'T LOCKED. THERE YA GO...
THIS NOTE SEZ: "I CANNOT SPEAK"
WHERE'S HE GOIN'?
HE KEEPS POINTING NORTH. OMIGOD! THIS NOTE ASKS IF WE'RE MARRIED. WELL,... DEAR?
WHAT TH' FUC..?
SAY "yes"!
MUCH LATER...
WHERE TH' HELL ARE WE? WE'VE DRIVEN MILES! IT'S ALMOST ONE-THIRTY. SHIT!
HE KEEPS POINTING.
GAWD! LOOKIT THE NEIGHBORHOOD WE'RE IN! BARS ON THE WINDOWS, ORANGE STREET LIGHTS! sheesh!

I'VE GOT TO BEAT WORK, BY 8:00 AM!
Y'KNOW, THIS IS A FUNKY PART O' TOWN.
YOU NOTICED.
THERE'S TWO GUYS WAVING AT US OVER THERE.
???
DON'T STOP!
YO!
BUT IT'S A RED LIGHT
COINS GUNS
PAWN
SO WHAT!!
THERE'S NO POLICE FOR MILES AND WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!!
WHERE'S TH' PAR-TAY?
DAMN! THE MOTOR DIED. GOODAMN VAN... THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS
SHIT!
YO! THIS DOOR'S OPEN! JUMP ON IN. HM!
THOSE GUYS ARE CLIMBING IN THE BACK! WHAT'LL WE DO!?!
HUH?
I CAN'T STAND IT!! TWO GUYS JUST JUMPED IN YOUR VAN, WE'VE BEEN DRIVING 1½ HOURS AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THE HELL WE ARE AND YOU GO "HUH?"!
ULP!
UH-HUH! WE JES' GOIN' DOWN TH' STREET. SAAAY, MAMA, YOU GOT ANY JOINTS
ANY COKE?
I WISH
HEEYYY, BRUTHAH
WHATCHOO DOIN' WITH THESE HONKIES?
YOU CHUMP!
HAHAH
HAH
HAHAH
MAYBE WE GOT A LI'L PET NIGGER HERE... HA!... HMM!
HE WAS HITCH HIKING. HE CAN'T SPEAK. HE'S MUTE.
HMM!
HMM!
HE YO' HUSBAND?
YEP!
HEY...
JUST PLAY ALONG...
THIS IS GETTIN' WEIRD!
WILL YOU PLEASE TRY AND CONTROL YOUR EGO? WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM!?
YOU SEEM TO BE GETTIN' INTO IT A LITTLE TOO MUCH!
YOU'RE NUTS! DO YOU REALIZE THAT?!!

bitch! bitch! bitch!
SOUND MARRIED TO ME. HMM!
MAANNN... I'M GETTIN' BORED. SHEEEIT...
AND WATCHOO SMILIN' AT FO' YOU LYIN' ASS NIGGAH! CAN'T SPEAK? HMMM! THINK WE'D FALL FO' THAT OL' LINE?!
YEAH, YOU SOME PIECE O' WORK, BRUTH-THA.
...YOU... PEESA SHIT!
OK... KEEP CALM... THEY'RE GONNA KILL HIM AND THEN US. NO, THEY'LL RAPE ME BUT I CAN HANDLE IT... I'M ON THE PILL AND I'M NOT RACIST. OR AM I? MAYBE I CAN FAKE A SEIZURE OR WE'LL SEE A COP. FORGET IT. WE'RE DEAD. I KNOW IT.
GONNA ROLL YEW
CUT 'CHOO
SLOW DOWN TH' TAXI, SLICK! OUCH! AH JUS' HIT MAH BUTT ON THIS DIRTY OL' FLOOR!
LET'S SPLIT! NUTHIN' BUT 2 CRAZY HONKIES AND SUM LYIN' ASS COON...
THUMPA THUMPA THUMP
THERE'S A BUNCHA WOOD IN THE STREET.
'BYE!
WHEW!
SLAM!
HMM!
HM!
...CARLOAD O' STOOPID MUTHAHFUCKAS. SHEEE IT!... WHAT NEXT? HMM!
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT OUT OF THAT ALIVE.
FER SHUR! THOSE TWO WERE BAAAAD DUDES!
THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT WE WERE CRAZY TO BE OUT N' ABOUT THIS TIME OF NIGHT...
WE ARE CRAZY!
?
THE ONLY WAY TO BE!
LOOK! OUR PASSENGER WANTS TO GET OFF. WE GOT THERE, I GUESS.
HIS NOTE SAYS "I THANK YOU - YOU ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE"
WHOA! TWENTY BUCKS? WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TAKE A BUS?
GASP!
THEIR WALLETS!

THE END

MADAME X FROM PLANET SEX
in X-POSÉ
WITH: "REX"
THE ATOMIC FLYING FISH!
by MARY FLEENER©1989
I CAN'T WAIT TO LAND! I HEAR THE CUISINE ON THIS PLANET IS TO DIE FOR!
WE'RE ALMOST THERE... WHAT'S THIS?!? A WELCOMING COMMITTEE? HOW SWEET!
WE ARE THE MORALTRONS! STOP YOUR VESSEL FOR INSPECTION! WE HAVE STRICT LAWS AGAINST VICE AND PERVERSION AND WE WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH EVIL!!!!!!! THE PENALTY IS DEATH!
BORRRING...
RATHER FORCEFUL, TOO, I'D SAY!
STATE YOUR NAME AND OCCUPATION
MADAME X. YOU MIGHT SAY... I FREELANCE.
WE'RE SEIZING THIS SHIP AND IT WILL BE SEARCHED. I'LL NOT ALLOW ANYTHING DANGEROUS ON MY PLANET!
I ASSURE YOU, SIR, NOTHING ON MY SHIP IS DESIGNED TO HARM ANYONE!
WHY DON'T YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF? HOW ABOUT IF I TAKE YOU ON A LI'L TOUR, INSPECTOR...
THIS IS THE SWEET ROOM— FOR THOSE WITH AN ORAL FIXATION: PEPPERMINT STICK DILDOS, OUR JELLO BATH... LOTSA EDIBLES!
DISGUSTING!
FLAVORED CONDOMS, TOO!
CHOCOLA OIL
VANILL OIL
STRAW OIL

AND THIS IS THE PLAY ROOM. TOYS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES. SOLAR POWERED, NATURALLY!
SICKENING!
THE TANK- FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO DO IT WET.
GASP!!
THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE LEATHER ROOM COMPLETE WITH CHAINS, WHIPS, and ANDROIDS- LIKE THIS ONE!
SNAP!
Hello Little Man...
NOW! BEHIND THIS DOOR IS... HUH? WHERE IS HE?!
I THINK THE INSPECTOR IS TAKIN' A CLOSER LOOK AT THE LEATHER ROOM.
LET'S TAKE OUR TIME GOIN' BACK...
heh heh heh
I'VE SEEN BAD THINGS! I'M A BAD BOY!!
WAAAA!
CRACK!
AHHH!
AHH!
HARDER!
BAD BOYS GET SPANKED!
DIFFERENT SPANKINGS FOR DIFFERENT HANKERINGS, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, INSPECTOR?
ABSOLUTE ZERO TOLERANCE.
LATER...
WHATTA GREAT PLANET. WASN'T THE INSPECTOR A DEAR TO LET US STAY N' PLAY?
HOW DID YOU GET THAT JERK OFF OUR BACKS, ANYWAY?
I LET HIM HAVE THE LEATHER ROOM, HANDCUFFS N' ALL, PLUS I PROMISED TO NEVER BREATHE A WORD OF WHAT HAPPENED!
IN OTHER WORDS - I GAVE HIM AN OFFER HE COULD ABUSE!!!
GROANNN..
THANKS to PAUL (again!)
THE END

PARFUME de la MORT
© M. FLEENER '87
SHE WAS PUTTING ON HER MAKE-UP WHEN SHE FIRST NOTICED THE SMELL.
IT DIDN'T SEEM TO BE IN ONE PLACE, SO SHE WENT TO WORK AND FORGOT ABOUT IT.
THE NEXT DAY SHE WAS MAKING BREAKFAST WHEN SHE SMELLED IT AGAIN
"TIME TO DO THESE DISHES."
?
STILL THE SMELL REMAINED SO SHE WASHED, VACUUMED, SCRUBBED, WAXED, AND OPENED ALL THE WINDOWS
IT DIDN'T HELP
THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS BECAME A BATTLE BETWEEN HER NOSE AND HER BRAIN. SLEEP WAS IMPOSSIBLE...
HER CLOTHES BEGAN TO TAKE ON THE STENCH, THE FOOD SHE ATE TASTED BAD AND SHE BEGAN TO GO A LITTLE CRAZY.

SUNDAY MORNING THE LANDLADY CAME TO COLLECT RENT AS SHE ALWAYS DID AT THE END OF THE MONTH
Hawaiian Garden Apts
12 06
THE OLD WOMAN WENT TO THE DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. IT WAS UNLOCKED AND OPEN.
...JUST SEND $19.95 TODAY! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO OWN THIS BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART! DO NOT WAIT YOU WILL BE SO AMAZED..
1a
MEIN GOTT!
THE HUSBAND SHOT HIS WIFE WHO WAS SITTING ON THE COUCH
AND HE WAS FACING HER HOLDING THE GUN THAT HE HAD SHOT HIMSELF WITH.
THE POLICE CAME AND GUESSED THEY'D BEEN DEAD FOR THREE WEEKS
CHANNEL SIX NEWS
OF COURSE, THERE WAS A NOTE
We weren't getting along
THAT NIGHT, THE GIRL UPSTAIRS WAS HAPPY. THE SMELL WAS GONE.
based on a true incident; Hermosa Beach, Calif., 1977
Fini

DEPTH PERSONAL PSYCHIC ANALYSIS *PLUS* CRYSTAL HEALING, PREDICTION & BUSINESS COUNSEL

I'M A DIRECT VOICE CHANNEL WORKING IN A STATE OF DUEL CONSCIOUSNESS IN TELEPATHIC RAPPORT WITH A SUBJECT'S' NON-CONSCIOUS KNOWING TO ARTICULATE THE PSYCHODYNAMICS OF UNRESOLVED INNER CONFLICTS THAT ATTRACT NEGATIVE PATTERNS OF EXPERIENCE. **YOU DIG?**

by MARY FLEENER ©1988

SO YOU WANT TO BE A CHANNELER?

HERE'S HOW IN 10 EZ STEPS!!!

1 NO DOUBT YOU'LL BE USING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH IN ADVERTISING AND APPEARING ON TELEVISION, SO, GET IN SHAPE, DIET and DRESS FOR SUCCESS!

MADAME **ZENA** KNOWS ALL-ADVICE ON SEX, MONEY and DEATH

WRONG

CRYSTAL MIRACLE SHOWS YOU THE RIGHT PATH; C.F., M.N.A., X.Y.Z. ®

RIGHT

® BOGUS "DEGREES" FROM SO-CALLED "COLLEGES" OR "UNIVERSITIES" THAT CLAIM TO BE "HOLISTIC"

2 SELECT A **NAME** FOR YOUR "NON-PHYSICAL ENTITY". TWO SYLLABLE NAMES ARE EASY TO REMEMBER AND HAVE THAT "PRIMITIVE SOUND". EXAMPLES:

ALTO RAY / EKTON } NICE SCI-FI FEEL AND **VERY** EXTRA-TERRESTIAL

RAMTHA – HAS THAT EASTERN/HINDU SOUND (SHIRLEY MACLAINS'EX)

LAZARIS / SETH } BOTH VERY BIBLICAL – THAT "OLD WISE MAN" IMAGE

MERLIN – FANS OF ATLANTIS and THE HOBBIT WILL LIKE THIS ONE

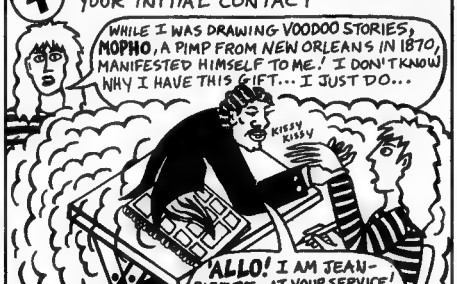
MOPHO – MY PERSONAL FAVORITE – JAZZY, INNER CITY, UPPITY

KINKO – FOR UNDERGROUND CARTOONISTS

3 HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED ALL CHANNELED ENTITIES ORIGINATE FROM ENGLISH SPEAKING COUNTRIES?

AFTER OBSERVING J.Z. KNIGHT ("RAMTHA") PRACTICING RAM'S GESTURES and WORDS, MANY FOLLOWERS, LIKE SHIRLEY, ARE DISENCHANTED and ARE CONTEMPLATING LEGAL ACTION (FATE MAGAZINE; MAY-JUNE, 1987)

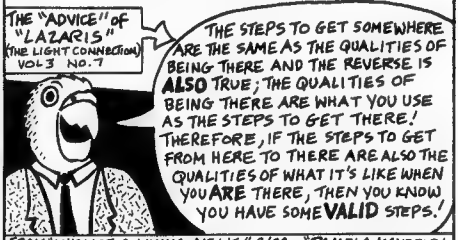
4 CREATE A SCENARIO TO DRAMATIZE YOUR INITIAL CONTACT


WHILE I WAS DRAWING VOODOO STORIES, MOPHO, A PIMP FROM NEW ORLEANS IN 1870, MANIFESTED HIMSELF TO ME.' I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAVE THIS GIFT... I JUST DO...
KISSY KISSY
'ALLO! I AM JEAN-PIERRE... AT YOUR SERVICE! MAY I KESS ZEE HAND OF ZEE CREATOR?!?

BE SURE TO SAY IT CAUSED YOUR DIVORCE

5 A LITTLE RITUAL GOES A LONG WAY WHEN CREATING THE AMBIENCE FOR A CHANNELING SESSION.

6 AT NO TIME SHOULD ANY **ADVICE** YOU GIVE MAKE SENSE - IF IT DID, NO ONE WOULD PAY TO HEAR IT.


THE "ADVICE" OF "LAZARIS" (THE LIGHT CONNECTION) VOL 3 NO. 7
THE STEPS TO GET SOMEWHERE ARE THE SAME AS THE QUALITIES OF BEING THERE AND THE REVERSE IS ALSO TRUE; THE QUALITIES OF BEING THERE ARE WHAT YOU USE AS THE STEPS TO GET THERE! THEREFORE, IF THE STEPS TO GET FROM HERE TO THERE ARE ALSO THE QUALITIES OF WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU ARE THERE, THEN YOU KNOW YOU HAVE SOME VALID STEPS!

FROM "WHOLISTIC LIVING NEWS" 8/88 – "PAMELA McNEELEY WHO SPENT OVER $10,000 ON "RAMTHA" BECAME FEDUP WITH HIS TEACHINGS AFTER HE BEGAN SAYING THAT AIDS IS NATURE'S WAY OF ELIMINATING HOMOSEXUALS." (UTNE READER, JULY-AUG 1988)

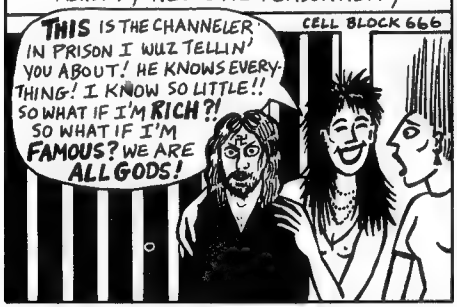
7 EXHIBIT SOME PHYSICAL REACTION. AS YOU BEGIN TO **CHANNEL** (THIS IS WHERE THOSE ACTING LESSONS PAY OFF.)

8 **MERCHANDIZE!** THERE ARE PLENTY OF NEW-AGE GIMMICKS THAT YOU CAN SELL CUSTOMERS AT INFLATED PRICES.

WAIT!! THIS CRYSTAL IS WARM! OH! OH! THIS IS THE ONE! YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD PSYCHIC!
WISH SHE'D HURRY UP!! I'VE GOTTA GET TO THE BANK!
OH! EVERY DAY IS LIKE A NEW ADVENTURE!!!

I ACTUALLY OVERHEARD THIS CONVERSATION

9 MAKE YOURSELF INDISPENSABLE TO SOME RICH/HI-PROFILE PERSON (ACTOR, ROCK MUSICIAN) BY CATERING TO AN ALREADY NEUROTIC PERSONALITY.


CELL BLOCK 666
THIS IS THE CHANNELER IN PRISON I WUZ TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING! I KNOW SO LITTLE!! SO WHAT IF I'M RICH?! SO WHAT IF I'M FAMOUS? WE ARE ALL GODS!

10 WE ALMOST FORGOT! CHARGE **LOTS** OF MONEY! PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING UNLESS IT HAS A BIG PRICE TAG ON IT!

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS PAY $10-$200 AN **HOUR** TO CONSULT CHANNELS. PROFITS FROM TAPES RANGE FROM **$100MILLION** TO **$400MILLION** PER YEAR – (OMNI MAGAZINE OCT 1987)

AS "EKTON" IS FOND OF SAYING: "**SO BE IT.**"

♪JUST♪ ANOTHER GIG
by MARY FLEENER ©1988
IT WAS ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE SHOWTIME AT "THE HAPPY HOUR" A LITTLE DYKE BAR IN ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
FOSTER OF OUR EGOTISTICAL SINGER WHO WE ALL HATED
HALF MOON
AND I WAS TUNING MY BASS WHEN I HEARD HER SAY
HEY YOU! BITCH!!
I HADN'T BEEN PLAYING "THE LAVENDER CIRCUIT" VERY LONG AND I'LL ADMIT IT, I WAS A BIT ON GUARD, BUT SHE DIDN'T MEAN ME, DID SHE?
EXCUSE ME?
WELL, WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? YER RIGHT TIT OR YER LEFT TIT?
I STARTED LAUGHING. ME KNOW THIS GRUBBY CREATURE? SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY DRUNK AND MUST'VE THOUGHT I WAS SOMEONE ELSE...
HEY LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT! WHO ARE YOU?
YOU STOOD ME UP IN BIG BEAR... goddamnit... THAT POKER GAME... GRRR... goddamn BITCH...
WHAT POKER GAME? BIG BEAR?
SHUT UP!!! LISSEN, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT, SEE THIS?
WHY ME?
JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, I STARTED BABBLING AWAY
YEAH, I KNOW YEW...
SHE WAS SO WASTED SHE BEGAN TO TALK TO THE WALL BESIDE HER
THEN I GOT EMBARRASSED. A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE LOOKING AT US AND... OBSERVING.
YER LYIN'!!! JUST CUZ YER SOME HOT SHOT SINGER DON'T MEAN SHIT!

I WAS ANNOYED AND WANTED TO GO OVER SOME NEW SONGS AND THIS GAL WAS HOPELESS NOT TO MENTION STUBBORN.
YOU ARE SO!
I'M NOT THE SINGER!
AM NOT.!
YES!
NO!
YES!
NO!
THE SPEED I'D TAKEN WAS STARTING TO KICK IN AND THE THREE BEERS I'D CONSUMED FOR "DINNER" MADE ME FORGET ABOUT THE KNIFE. I WANTED A CIGARETTE!
GODDAMMIT! I PLAY THE BASS! SEE? WOULD I BE TUNING A BASS IF I WAS THE SINGER? HUH?
AT LEAST I'VE QUIT THOSE
AS I STOOD AND TURNED TO GET MY SMOKES I FELT THE NECK OF MY GUITAR HIT SOMETHING...
OUCH!
MUCH TO MY SURPRISE, I'D WACKED HER HAND AND THE BARTENDER GRABBED THE KNIFE. SHE STARTED CRYING.
I LOVED YEW! sob! YESAHDID...
I COULD ALMOST FEEL PITY FOR HER EXCEPT SHE WAS TALKING TO THE WALL AGAIN!
I EXPERIENCED A DELAYED REACTION AS I REALIZED I'D ALMOST BEEN CARVED.
THAT ONE'S ALWAYS ON THE WARPATH! YOU OK, HONEY?
THE OWNER
Dodgers
Y...Y...YEAH I'M... O... OK...
SOMEONE BROUGHT ME A DRINK (A GIMLET) AND EVERYONE STARTED TALKING AT ONCE
WHY'D SHE PICK ON MARY, HERE?
Y'KNOW THE POSTER BEHIND THE DRUMS..? SHE LOOKS LIKE TH' SINGER!
MY GHOD! DO I LOOK THAT UGLY?
SHE THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR PICTURE ON TH' POSTER, MARY!
HA HA HA HA
CANDY, THE BIG SAMOAN TRANSVESTITE COCKTAIL WAITRESS, TOOK CHARGE.
I ESTHCORTED THE PATRON TO HER VEHICLE AND INFORMED HER HIGHNESS SHE WUZ 86'd FOR LIFE AND IF SHE EVER FREQUENTS THIS ESTABLISHMENT A-GAIN, I'LL PERSONALLY REAM HER A NEW ONE!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
WHEN THE REST OF THE BAND GOT THERE, WE HAD A GOOD LAUGH OVER IT. OUR SINGER PLAYED INNOCENT BUT EVERYONE IN THE BAR HAD SOME VERSION OF THE TRUTH.
... SO SHE LOST 300 BUCKS IN THAT POKER GAME AND SAID YOU CAN HAVE MY BODY INSTEAD SO THEY BOTH JUMP IN TH' SACK ONLY... NO BATTERIES FOR TH' VIBRATOR! THEN THEY BOTH THREW UP... blah... blah...
NO!
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS THAT WAS MAGIC. WE SOUNDED GREAT AND I PLAYED MY ASS OFF AND THE ENTIRE CROWD DID THE CONGA LINE.
SOMEDAY I'M GONNA WRITE A BOOK!
THE END

This Commercial Break Brought To You By:
THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND
M. FLEENER © 1988
THAT NATURE SHOW THAT WAS JUST ON WAS SAD...
ANOTHER SPECIES ON THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION.
THE ENTIRE PLANET MAY BE DOOMED
IT LOOKS BAD...
WHY DO THESE COMPANIES DUMP TOXINS IN LAKES, OCEANS & RIVERS?!
THEY GOTTA KNOW THIS STUFF IS KILLING THE BIRDS and THE FISH, BUT THEY KEEP DOIN' IT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM!
BOMB THE PLANTS! KILL! KILL 'EM ALL
JUST IN TIME!
PANT PANT PANT
AWRITE! TIME FOR THE NEW MADONNA VIDEO!
End

A MOTHER and DAUGHTER CHAT

OR: DISCUSSING THE SMALL ELONGATED ORGAN OF THE FEMALE PUDENDUM.

by MARY "YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS STUFF UP" FLEENER ©1989

YOU KNOW, YOU CAN TURN ON ANY TALK SHOW TODAY AND HEAR ABOUT EVERY THING!! HOW'S THAT SPELLED?... "TITS n' CLIQUES"?
NO, MOTHER... CLITS! C-L-I-T-S!

SO WHAT'S THAT?
COME OOON! ARE YOU THE MOST NAIVE PERSON ON EARTH OR WOT?
LISTEN, DEAR DAUGHTER, I MARRIED A SAILOR! I KNOW SOME THINGS!

WELL, IT'S A... Y'KNOW... UH... IT'S... DOWN THERE, Y'KNOW, ...UH... WAAAAY DOWN THERE... YOU KNOW..!
GAWD, DO I HAFTA DRAW YA A PICTURE?
I THINK IT'S AWFUL THAT YA DON'T KNOW WHAT A CLITORIS IS!!

OH! I GET IT. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A CLIT-TOR-ISS! I PRONOUNCE IT DIFFERENTLY.
WELL, A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY CLIT-TOR-RIS.
THAT'S NOT RIGHT. LOOK IT UP!
WHO CARES? THE POINT IS THAT "CLIT" IS AN ABBREVIATION, OK? YOU GOT THAT NOW?

MAYBE THEY MIXED UP THE MOTHERS AT THE HOSPITAL
TRIVIALITY AS A DEFENSE... Hmmm... INTERESTING...
"I MARRIED A SAILOR" ???
WHERE'S THE DAMN DICTIONARY
GUESS I GOT HER "BLESSING"

THE END

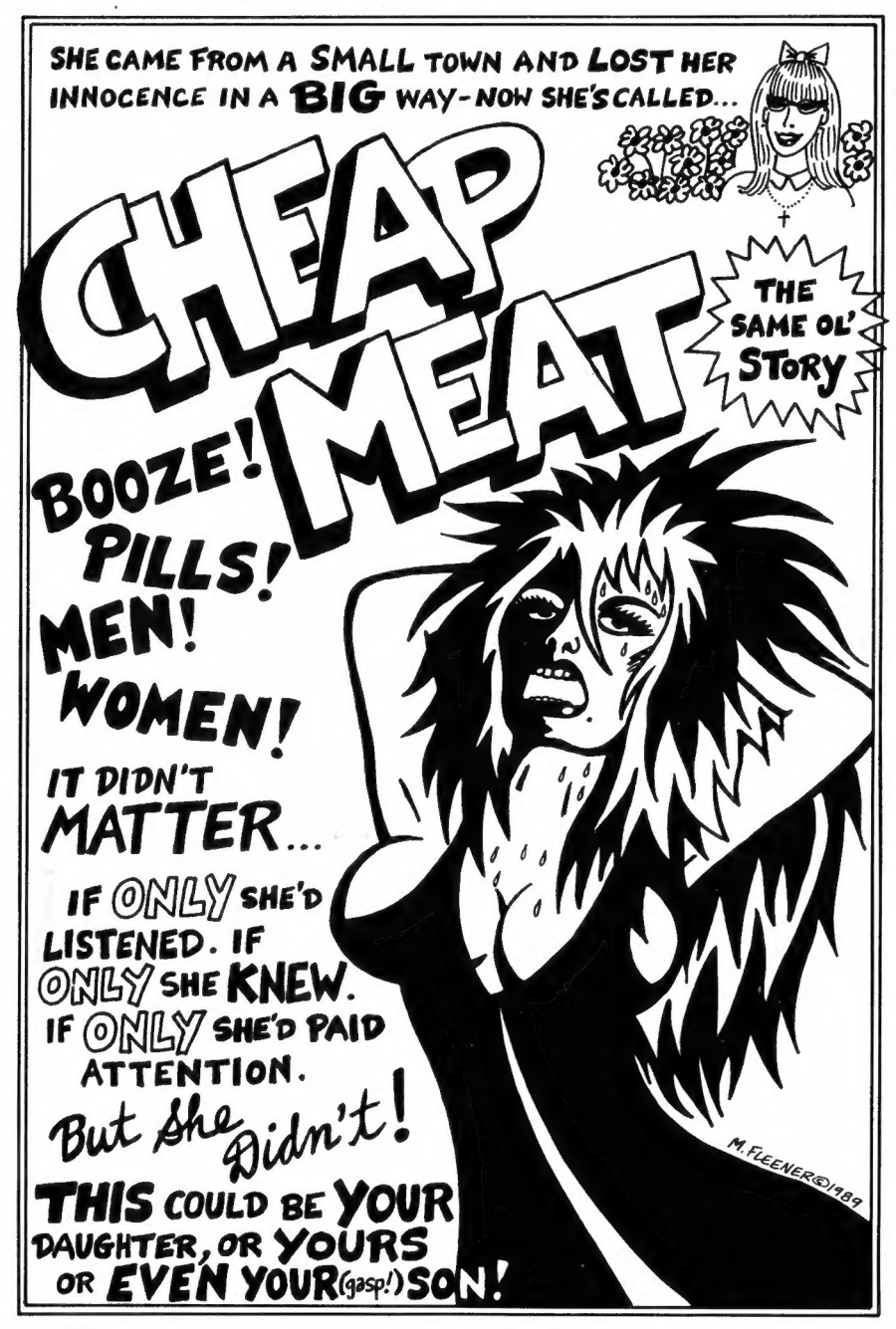
CAREER OPPORTUNITY
by MARY FLEENER ©1990
TRUE BABY, TRUE...
I WAS HOUSE-SITTING MY GIRLFRIEND'S LITTLE BEACH COTTAGE WHILE SHE WAS IN EUROPE
WHEN THE PHONE RRRRAAAANGGGG
IT WAS SANDY. WE HUNG OUT WITH TH' SAME CROW'D.
WANNA DO SOMETHING WEIRD TONIGHT, MARY?
SURE!
WHAT?
IT'LL BE FUN! OH, DON'T WEAR JEANS, OK? DRESS UP!! PUT ON SOME HEELS, 'K? SEE ya! :CLICK:
VITO IS TEACHING DANCE CLASS TONIGHT AT THAT BIG HOTEL IN LONG BEACH. HE DANCES WITH LI'L OLD RICH LADIES!!!
IT'S NICE. SOME OF MY FRIENDS WORK THERE
I HATE BORROWING CLOTHES!! THIS NECK-LINE IS RIDICULOUS! IT'S TOO TIGHT AND THESE HIGH HEELS ARE DANGEROUS!!! OH WELL, THERE'LL BE NOTHING BUT OLD FARTS THERE...
I FINALLY SETTLED ON THIS ILL-FITTING BLACK NUMBER. PUT MAKE UP ON, TOO!!! AW WHAT THE HELL, I LIKE HALLOWEEN

I DROVE OVER TO SANDY'S
HI SANDY! HEY, NICE PLACE!!
I DO?!
I HAD TO BORROW THIS GET-UP.
OH SHUT UP! YOU'RE SUCHA TOMBOY! I'D NEVER GUESS YOU HAD TO BORROW IT! VITO WILL LOVE IT! I LOVE IT, AND BESIDES, IT LOOKS MUCH BETTER THAN THOSE ART CLOTHES YOU WEAR!
Hmm... YES, YOU LOOK TERRIFIC, GIRL!
THESE HIGH HEELS ARE TOO SMALL... I HAFTA RE-TIE 'EM!
UNH! THESE SHOES ARE A PAIN!!!
♪ HMMMM... YOU LOOK SEX-EEE WHEN YOU DO THAT... ♫
WOBBLE WOBBLE
!
WE CRUISE OVER TO THE "NEPTUNE ROOM"-THE TOP FLOOR OF THIS ANCIENT HOTEL
ISN'T THE VIEW JUST MARVELOUS UP HERE?
OH YEAH...
...EARTHQUAKE... ...EARTHQUAKE...
HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THIS FUNKY OLD PLACE, ANYWAY?
REALLY? I'VE NEVER DONE COCKTAIL WAITRESSING! COULD I DO IT PART TIME? IS IT HARD? HUH? HUH?
I WORKED HERE. DON'T LAUGH! I MADE A LOT OF MONEY!
YOU COULD TOO, Y'KNOW...
LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS LATER! HERE COMES VITO.

GIRLS! GIRLS!! SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
Hello BABY...
THAT'S VITO?! HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER DAD! HE MUST BE GIVING HER MONEY— HOW ELSE COULD SHE AFFORD THAT SWANK APARTMENT....?
LOOKIN' SEX-EEEEE, BAY-BEE!
LET'S DANCE!
HA HA HA
?
WAIT! YA GOTTA SEE A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER! SHE'S THE GREATEST. YOU'LL LOVE 'ER...
SEE?
Love, Mama
MAMA MIA!!
ISN'T SHE FANTASTIC? SHE'S SMART, TOO! AW, YOU'D LOVE HER! SHE HANDLES ALL THE DOUGH! AS SOON AS I GET PAID, I GIVE IT ALL TO MY MOTHER AND THEN SHE SORTA GIVES ME AN ALLOWANCE! SHE'S MY [sniff] BEST FRIEND!!!
I HATE DANCING. I REALLY HATE BALLROOM DANCING. I ESPECIALLY HATE DANCING WITH HORNY LITTLE MEN!
YOU KNOW WHY I LOVE DANCING WITH YOU TALL GIRLS? I GET TO STARE AT YOUR CHEST ALL NIGHT!! heh heh heh!
Dreams come true in Blue Hah-why- Eeeeeeee

SO, DID YOU HAVE FUN DANCING WITH VITO?
COME ON! I'M NO GINGER ROGERS, 'SIDES, SOME OLD GAL DRIPPING IN DIAMONDS CUT IN AND SHE WAS HOT TO TROT!
THAT'S MAGGIE! VITO USED TO OPERATE AN ESCORT SERVICE AND WHENEVER MAGGIE WOULD FLY IN FROM VEGAS SHE'D ALWAYS USE VITO. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
VITO?!! IS HE... STILL... UH... ...A... GIGOLO?
LISSEN, I'VE GOTTA GO MEET SOMEBODY. MY FRIEND CRYSTAL WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY. SHE WORKS HERE AND WANTS TO MEET YOU.
OF COURSE NOT! HE RUNS ANOTHER BUSINESS NOW. HE JUST BOUGHT A NEW CADILLAC!
OK! BUT DON'T LEAVE ME STRANDED!
BOY! AM I DUMB... SANDY'S INTO COKE, SO SHE PROBABLY HAS A NICE LITTLE HALF-GRAM BUSINESS GOIN' ON HERE! AND I'LL BET VITO'S HER DEALERMAN...!
YOU SANDY'S FRIEND?
YEP! AND YOU MUST BE CRYSTAL!
HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR SANITY WITH THESE CORNY SONGS PLAYIN' ALL NITE?
OH! hahaha... ...YA GET USED T' IT! HAH!
SO YA WANNA WORK HERE, HUH?
WHAT ARE YA DOIN' NOW, HON?
I WORK AT THE CAMPUS ART GALLERY - I'M A PRINTMAKING MAJOR AND IT'S EXPENSIVE! THOSE ART SUPPLIES AREN'T CHEAP!
OH YEAH, THAT'S HOW I MET SANDY BUT HE'S NOT MY ONE TRUE LOVE... I THOUGHT HE WAS, BUT... ANYWAY, I'M GONNA BE AN ARTIST ALL MY LIFE! I'M NOT LOOKIN' FOR A HUSBAND!
YA GOT A BOYFRIEND?
MAYBE... I DUNNO...

WE TALKED FOR ABOUT 30 MINUTES
♪I'M♪ BACK!
DID YOU TALK WITH CRYSTAL?
TAKE MY ADVICE, HON, AND STAY PUT! GET TH' DEGREE, MARRY SOME NICE GUY AND THEN DO YER ART. SANDY SHOULDA TOLD YOU ABOUT TH'..UH,sigh? OTHER PART OF THIS JOB...
WELL, IT WAS LIKE, SHE WANTED TO HIRE ME BUT SHE THOUGHT I SHOULDN'T.?
OH... VITO'S DONE. LET'S GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT.
Diner
I HOPE THERE'S NO ONE IN THIS DUMP WHO RECOGNIZES ME!
EVERYONE'S STARING AT US!! WHAT'S THAT GUY DOING?!! MAYBE HE'S WAVING TO VITO... NO... HE'S LOOKING AT ME! WHY?
NOW THIS IS HOW I LIKE TO ENTER AN ESTABLISHMENT-WITH STYLE! A GIRL ON EACH ARM! REAL CLASS, eh, GIRLS?
PSSST, SANDY! ALL TH' PEOPLE ARE LOOKIN' AT US LIKE WE'RE A COUPLE O'.....HOOK...KERS.
I PLAYED IT COOL, WE ATE "BREAKFAST" AND SANDY DROVE US BACK TO HER PLACE. SHE and VITO DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTIN' DOWN TO BUSINESS.
I JUST GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS DRESS.
VITO HAS MEXICAN QUAALUDES! LET'S PARTY!
RIGHT HERE, BABE!
SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO.
YECCCH!! GOTTA THINK FAST!
I SAID THE MAGIC WORDS
ZZZZOOOOOOM!
SAY, I'VE GOT SOME BLOW OUT IN MY CAR!
THE ONLY TRICK I'M DOIN' TONIGHT IS THIS ONE!!! Ciao, YA SLOBS!!!
AND SO I BLEW MY CHANCE TO PEDDLE FLESH FOR FROGSKINS!
(A CLICK OF TH' HEEL T' GLENN HEAD)
The End


SHE CAME FROM A SMALL TOWN AND LOST HER INNOCENCE IN A BIG WAY - NOW SHE'S CALLED...
CHEAP MEAT
THE SAME OL' STORY
BOOZE!
PILLS!
MEN!
WOMEN!
IT DIDN'T MATTER...
IF ONLY SHE'D LISTENED. IF ONLY SHE KNEW. IF ONLY SHE'D PAID ATTENTION.
But She Didn't!
THIS COULD BE YOUR DAUGHTER, OR YOURS OR EVEN YOUR (gasp!) SON!
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